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Dear Pastoral Wives:

The General Conference has designated 1995 as the "Year of the Adventist Woman." During this time our church is focusing on the contribution of women throughout our church's history.

I would like to take an opportunity during this time to extend my personal "Thank You" for the valuable service you, as pastoral wives, give to our church. Your unique position makes you a most valuable group of women, and you deserve special recognition and affirmation.

Because you are the spouse of the pastor, the sacrifices and hours of service you contribute are too often overlooked in the eyes of many. But your contribution is not overlooked from my perspective. I know you hold the pastoral family together, and this, in essence, holds the church together. I salute you for giving so much of yourself and your family to the Lord and to His church family.

My wife, Anita, has been an integral part of our team ministry for the last 31 years. Attending nightly meetings during our years of full-time evangelism, translating both English and Spanish materials, counselor, researcher, and loving companion, she has been an equal contributor to our ministry.

The pastoral ministry has more than the average share of blessings and challenges. It is my prayer that the Lord will give each of you, as a pastoral wife, an abundance of blessings this year.

I am praying for you as you face the challenges of life in the parsonage.

Yours in the assurance of grace,

Robert S. Folkenberg
President
General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists

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Between the Covers

A new year. A new beginning. Most of us probably made a few resolutions during this time of renewal. After all the indulgences of the Christmas season, it is an appropriate time to set some goals toward changing our lives for the better. My resolution list this year contained a few "left-overs" from last year: diet more, exercise more, save more, call my family more, more time with Jim, and more time for devotions. Suddenly I realized that each of these items on my list had that "four letter" word in it MORE. Perhaps the reason I hadn't accomplished everything I wanted was because I hadn't done something LESS.

In this stressful world, pastoral wives especially need to make sure we keep our lives balanced. Check your list. Check your priorities. And check your balances. Most importantly, check with Jesus for wisdom. He'll let you know what's really priority! Happy New Year!

Sharon

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From Shepherdess International

Four Friends

Sharon Cress

Timothy had Paul.
Ruth had Naomi.
Samson had Delilah.
Samuel had Eli. Esther had
Mordecai. Ahab had Jezebel.
Bathsheba had David. What did
all of these people have? They had
someone who influenced the way
their life path would go. Who is
influencing you? Who has influ-
enced you? Who are you listen-
ing to for sage counsel?

As a young pastoral wife, I
needed a lot of positive influenc-
ing. I had not grown up in a pas-
toral family and had absolutely
no idea what I was getting into.
In my love for a man, I was
blinded to some extent as to ex-
actly what marriage to a pastor
would mean. In retrospect, this
was probably to my benefit!

The Lord provides mentors
and wise people to guide us in
positive directions, if we will let
them. The world also provides
influences that automatically sur-
round us daily, and sometimes it
seems we are enveloped by Job's
"friends" whose influence might
not be to our best interest for de-
veloping Christ-like characters.

We need a teachable spirit to
profit from the wisdom of those
who have experienced life to a
greater extent than we have. Early

in my experience as a pastoral
wife I learned the value of listen-
ing and learning from the "posi-
tive" influences the Lord
provided for my admonition. I
would like to pay tribute to four
such pastoral wives, who not only
shared their own gifts with me,
but whose positive influence has
guided me in the right direction
so many times.

Vinna Mansell

Vinna was a veteran pastoral
wife when we met. She and her
husband, Leslie, were almost
ready to retire. This was their last
pastorate. I arrived on the scene
directly from the seminary, and
Vinna must have shuddered



Vinna Mansell

*Sharon Cress is the director of Shepherdess
International.*

—Via Shepherdess International

when she first saw me. My skirts were way too short, my hair definitely had that "collegiate" look, and I surely did not fit the image the church had in mind for the "intern pastor's wife." I had already been "told" by another long-time pastoral wife that I needed to shape up and act like a pastor's wife. The message wasn't conveyed in love and concern but along the lines of criticism and ridicule, and I paid it little heed.

Vinna was the most gracious pastoral wife I had ever known. She wore grace like many women wear fine perfume. She was never rude or boorish, and she made you think you were the most important person in the world when you were with her.

To paraphrase the Bible, Vinna was worth more to her husband's ministry than fine jewels. She complimented him and set a standard of loving concern for the other women in the church. She taught me tolerance and unconditional love for the unlovely. I learned it personally—she tolerated me. Not only did she love me unconditionally, but she modeled for me, in a most unobtrusive way, what I could be if I were willing to change.

There were no lectures, just nurture. She spent time with me



Corea Cemer

as if we were best friends. I wanted to be like her! I wanted to wear my own brand of the "grace" perfume that sweetly followed her wherever she went. By watching God's love unfold in her life, I was changed. She taught me how valuable people are to Jesus, and she treated each one as if they were the Master Himself. Thank you, Vinna. You taught me that people are the most important asset to Jesus.

Corea Cemer

When the invitation came from our conference for Jim and me to enter full-time evangelism, I was aghast. No way! Itinerant around through every backwoods bog in the state. I wanted to be home in my own bed at night. I had a life, you know. But the Lord had other plans, and Corea came into my life. She was almost 70 years old and deserved to retire to as much of the "good life" as this old world can offer. Jim and I were to be their last associates.

She told me stories of growing up in a migrant camp. The overseer paid her a penny for every 100 fruit flies she could kill. She never had any of the "nice" things other little girls had, but she did earn a few pennies each week in her extermination business and soon she bought a pair of shoes. Corea taught me self-sacrifice and patience. Her husband, Ken, was a great man of God and the Lord used him mightily, but he was not an ideal husband. Corea's welfare and comfort was the last thing on his mind. He had evangelistic campaigns to conduct and souls to save. And that was okay with her. She never forgot her hard childhood and whatever life dealt, it couldn't be worse. She would accept it. I didn't accept anything in those days.



Marge Gray

Although, he was not abusive, Ken was demanding. I well remember one night he came by just as he was going on the platform and said his shoe was untied and lifted his foot for her to tie it. I jumped between them and told him to tie it himself and be thankful he had two hands and could bend over! Gently, she moved me aside, and said it was okay. Some would call her a doormat and when it came to her husband, she probably was, but she patiently supported her pastor/husband with no thought of her own needs. She trudged uncomplaining through years of successful evangelistic campaigns that won thousands to the Lord. Thank you, Corea, for teaching me self-sacrifice.

Marge Gray

Leaving warm, sunny, Florida was very difficult for me. Moving to cold, dreary Berrien Springs, Michigan, presented real cultural and climate shock. However, because of this long move, I came into contact with someone who would show me that the Lord expected more from me than being a gracious, self-sacrificing nurturer. He expected me to share His love to those who didn't know Him. He expected me to be a soul

winner. Marge had a burden to win souls to Jesus. She demonstrated that a pastoral wife should have a ministry of her own no matter what her "profession." Marge modeled the biblical principle of every lay person being a minister. She gave Bible studies and shared the good news of Jesus and His soon coming with hundreds of people. Marge taught me that it is important for a pastoral wife to have a ministry of her own and that it is imperative for every Christian, especially a pastoral wife, to bear fruit.

Marge wrote Bible lessons for both adults and children. Marge helped me realize a love for children's ministries and the importance of nurturing our little ones through church programming. Thank you, Marge, for giving me a passion for souls.

Merlo Bock

Merlo was an administrator's wife when we met. Her husband was my boss. Merlo was an individual that I loved from the moment we met. She was a Christian who modeled Seventh-day Adventist principles in her own unique way. After rearing her children, she returned to college to pursue a dedicated, brilliant career in nursing. She never put



Merlo Bock

on airs or pretended to be anything other than the special person Jesus made her to be. She helped me understand that God makes each person special, and He values our individuality. Merlo taught me that it was okay to be me. And not just okay, but important to be myself, not the mirror image of someone else. She taught me individuality within a sanctified life. I don't think I have ever had a conversation with Merlo that she didn't talk about how eager she was for Jesus to come. And she meant it. Thank you, Merlo, for teaching me it's okay to be the person I am, and that we don't need to wear masks.

By beholding we are changed

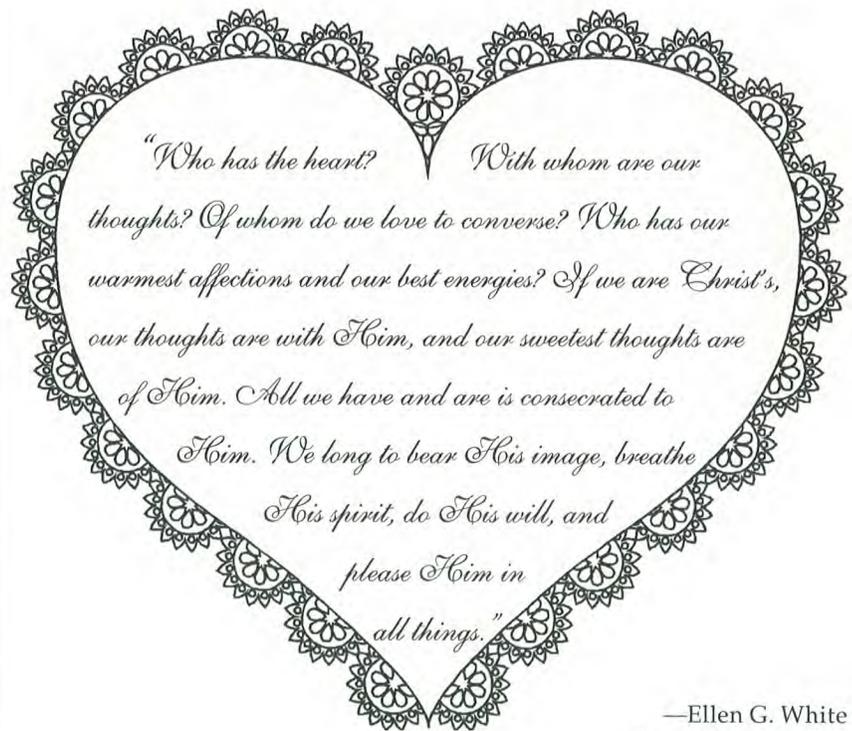
By association with these four women I have changed for the better and become a better servant to Jesus and to His church. I do not believe it was by chance that

we met. In His over-all good plan for our lives, Jesus places in our midst those who can spiritually strengthen us. We just have to be pliable.

It's always been easy for me to find someone who can tempt me to be critical, self-serving, rude, and inward-looking. And, unfortunately, until Jesus comes there will be times I will fall into these pits.

If we will just ask, Jesus will bring us into contact with those who can be uplifting to us. Who are you listening to? Who is influencing your life? Do the people who influence you reflect the nature of Jesus and bear His fruits? Or do they lead you down paths of criticism?

Thank you Vinna, Corea, Marge, and Merlo. You have brought me closer to Jesus by your own lives. And I imagine I am not the only one! ❀



—Ellen G. White
Steps to Christ, p. 58

PKs in the Parsonage

The Way It Really Is— on Being a Pastor's Kid

Jana & Jaci Cress

*Two young ladies
give a first hand,
frank report about
life in the "fishbowl!"*

Jana and Jaci Cress are sisters and live in College Place, Washington. Their father, John, is the chaplain of Walla Walla College.

—Via Shepherdess International

Jana:

Being a pastor's kid has a lot of advantages like you get to go to tons of potlucks with lots of great food. However, it also has some disadvantages like you have to listen to boring sermons that you have heard so many times that you practically have them memorized! If you are a PK

(pastor's kid), you know exactly what I mean!

Jaci:

Speaking of potlucks, dad is always asked to pray because he is the pastor. This is a lot of praying because we go to a lot of potlucks! The praying doesn't bother me as much as the weird



Jana & Jaci Cress with their parents

casseroles we must eat afterwards!

Jana:

I agree that one of the disadvantages of being a pastor's kid is that you have to listen to the same sermons over and over again. I also don't like people making up nicknames like PK or Preppy. They think you should know everything about the Bible.

Jaci:

At our church we have two services. Early church starts at 8 a.m., and late church starts at 11 a.m. Sometimes when dad preaches, we have to sit through two whole services and hear the same sermon two times in one day! There is one advantage to this as dad usually gets me supplies from the church office like pen, paper, and markers to help me pass the time.

Sometimes dad tells stories about my sister and me in his sermons. It can really get embarrassing! But what is even worse is when he embarrasses himself in church.

Jana:

Other people don't know how it feels to have your dad preach a lot. Sometimes I get embarrassed when he makes weird expressions, shouts to get his point across, or tells embarrassing stories about me and my sister. Sometimes dad does things to embarrass himself up front, which embarrasses me. Like the time he preached the whole sermon with his pants unzipped and did not find out until he was given a note by a church member that read, "Sometime, when you get a private moment, you need to check your fly!" Everyone in our church tells this story now! It's

times like this when I wish I wasn't a pastor's kid.

Jaci:

Something that I think is an advantage is that dad has the keys to every door in the church. It's cool because we sometimes go exploring and he has even taken us in the church steeple.

Even though others often expect us to act better than most kids, being a PK also means that you get the special privilege of having your own parent baptize you! Even if they are kind of emo-

*We're human.
All PKs
are—we all make
mistakes just like
everyone else.*

tional (like my dad), it feels good to have them baptize you instead of a stranger.

Jana:

Our parents are pretty cool. They don't expect us to do everything right. We're human. All PKs are—we all make mistakes just like everyone else. And we don't know everything about the Bible like some people might think. In fact, some kids who aren't PKs (like my best friend, Alexis) know a lot more about

the Bible than I know.

Jaci:

Because dad is a pastor, we get opportunities to do scripture, lead songs, have special music, or be in plays at the church. This is a lot of fun! Dad also can answer hard Bible questions, and it's fun to be on his team playing Bible games because we always win!

Because dad is a pastor, he has to be gone some in the evenings for church meetings, visitation, or emergencies. Sometimes I miss him and wish he were home.

Jana:

Sometimes, if you are a PK like me, you aren't allowed to do certain things because some church members might get too upset over it!

Jaci:

That's right, if you are a pastor's kid, some people make a big deal if you wear things or do things they think are wrong. Some people think our family should be perfect just because our dad is the pastor. This is not true!

Jana:

But one great advantage is being able to go to the yearly pastors' retreat. We get to go to the camp for a week with all the other pastors and their families to meet new people, ski, ride horses, learn crafts, and just have lots of fun. I guess I really enjoy being a PK, and I don't think that I want to trade my life for anyone else's. Besides—everyone in the whole church knows who I am.

Jaci:

The way I see it being a pastor's kid isn't all that bad, especially if your dad/mom is as cool and as gifted as ours. ❀

My Journey in Prayer

Frankie Roland



Frankie Roland has been a pastoral wife to a United Methodist minister for 38 years. She has four children, two adopted and two home-made. She teaches fourth grade at Longfellow Elementary in Coffeyville, Kansas. In 1992 to 1993, she was chosen Chamber of Commerce Teacher of the Year. In 1994, she was a nominee for State Teacher of the Year. Frankie enjoys walking, fishing, reading, and playing with her two grandsons: Reece and Rian.

—Via Shepherdess International

I have always known the importance of prayer. It was a way of life in my family. Mama would gently chide us if we'd made great plans. "If it's the Lord's will, child," she'd say. Those words seemed to get us back into focus—on target. He had to be considered, asked, talked to, about. If it's the Lord's will.

So I started my journey in prayer actually hanging on to Mama's prayers. Hers were sufficient. I felt safe and content. Mama would pray about it.

I spent the summers of my young childhood at my grandparents home, "down the mountain," 18 miles away. My paper sack suitcase was packed and re-packed long before school was out.

I never got homesick for my four siblings or my parents. I loved being the "only child" for the summer, roaming the creek bottoms, searching for wild flowers and pretty rocks.

During these times, talking to God came closer, however, for my grandparents had family prayer at night. If one read the Bible, the other led in prayer.

This, too, was security for me. Each of my grandparents could talk to God personally.

I learned, in the course of time, to "say prayers." I could recite The Lord's Prayer, table grace, and a bedtime prayer. I believe saying prayers is important for here is where we learn how to pray.

Dr. Edward Lawlor, retired General Superintendent of the Nazarene Church, once said, "Let the baby crawl around while you have your family devotions. Let the tears fall on his head. He will learn that family prayer time is a very important time of the family life."

It took a while, but I did move from saying prayers to praying parents. I remember one of my first converts was Mabel. I learned a very valuable lesson in praying for her. I learned that praying for someone was more than just haphazardly "remembering" them in prayer. By the time I had actually "prayed her through" I had done some hard work of interceding for her!

Then over the years I moved to being in the attitude of prayer. I learned to breathe a prayer when I heard an ambulance siren, when I observed a parent showing anger at a child, when I read a horrid story of pain and suffering in the newspaper or saw it on TV, and when I encounter someone

wanting to engage me in gossip.

Ruth Vaughn's book, *Lord, Keep the Ducks* has been a great inspiration to me. She tells of taking her daughter to school and noticing a lonely looking lad leaning against a tree. She prayed for him. She prayed in times of great discouragement when the Devil helped her to see only the negative side of home mission work. She got the victory, though, when she told the Lord to "keep the ducks." She would carry on from there and went on to great time of soul winning in their tiny church.

J. Carl Jones, a retired Methodist minister, once said, "Pick out someone taking communion and pray for that person. Each time a new group goes for communion, do the same thing until it is time for you to go."

My own mother taught me to never be ashamed of what I had to put in the offering plate. "Just ask God to stretch it and use it for His glory and to help those in the church who handle the finances to have wisdom as they do business for God."

So my journey in prayer has taken me from saying prayers to praying prayers to being in the attitude of prayer. I had learned to pray by praying.

I also learned intercessory prayer. This is hard work. It is the "stick-to-it" prayer that the Devil battles most against. As long as we just "remember" someone in prayer, He doesn't get upset. But to plead, to wrestle, to be prostrate before God for someone's soul gets him very upset.

In prayer we learn to be persistent, to keep on keeping on. Think of that person at the altar. Would I be nonchalant if he were my brother? Absolutely not! I'd be at the altar pulling heaven and earth together to help him pray through.

My husband's roommate in

college was in a terrible car accident and not expected to live. His mother looked at him and her loved ones gathered around the bed and said, "I'll be in the bathroom." Willard testified later that his mother went into the restroom and got down on her knees and never quit praying until she saw a shape get up from the right hand of the Father and go to the Father to plead for her son. Only then did she come back in the hospital room, take her son's hand and say to him in his unconscious state, "You're going to be all right, son."

Willard went on to be a successful pastor and is still pastoring. Why? Because his mother knew intercessory prayer.

*It took a while,
but I did move
from saying
prayers to
praying
prayers.*



Intercessory prayer is hard work. Romans 8:26 says that the Spirit intercedes for us with groaning that cannot be uttered. Just groaning. Have you been there in your prayer life? I have. I remember a time not too many years ago when I could only groan about a problem. Finally, after many months, I got to the place I could utter two words, "Oh, God!" And finally I could pray six

words, "Oh, God! Make the way straight!" It was undoubtedly the hardest year of my prayer journey.

From saying prayers to becoming a prayer warrior should be our goal. We wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the power of darkness. Satan is very real.

We must actually do combat in these wicked times if we are to save our children, grandchildren, and neighbors. It is extremely exhausting and the Devil will fight us every inch of the way. He'll put other thoughts in our minds when we focus on praying for a person. He'll cause the phone to ring, a salesman to come, the kids to squabble, a dozen things to interfere with the thought process of praying. Someone said that Satan trembles when the weakest Christian gets on his knees. I certainly believe that!

So, where are you in your journey in prayer? Are you still saying prayers? Have you progressed to praying prayers? Can you intercede and be persistent until God feels your tug on His sleeve? Are you a prayer warrior doing battle for Him? Can anyone call you and ask for prayer and know that you'll not stop until you've prayed through?

I believe it takes a lifetime to learn to pray. I know one thing—He's brought me a long way—a mighty long way in my journey.

For many years now, Philippians 4:6 has been my mainstay. I learned from a young mother, one place I lived, to "Worry about nothing but pray about everything." Today I don't even know where Paula is, but I'm thankful she made this Scripture real to me.

Happy trails to you in your journey in prayer. ❀

Compassion Born of Experience

Richa Stevens

Assignment to our third district in six years of pastoring meant moving from our home in the country to a city apartment. The unsold home added huge double housing costs to the increased expenses of city living. Thus, I juggled care of our two small boys with seeking part-time employment. I grieved the losses of my homemaker role and that of being an active participant in "our" ministry.

Following a stressful day of job interviews (trying to convince employers that they needed a nurse who hadn't worked in seven years!), I picked up our boys from the new sitter (still a relative stranger to us all) and trudged home to begin "second shift." Warily postponing preparation of the evening meal, I opened the mail in hopes of finding an encouraging message from loved ones. Instead, the mail yielded an alert from my physician regarding abnormalities in test results with recommendation for surgery; an IRS letter announcing our second audit in two years; a tax bill for \$400.00 on our unsold house. . . .

The ringing phone brought a brief welcome distraction, but there was no comfort in our realtor's messages. Mysteriously

caused flooding in the unsold house necessitated immediate replacement of pump and carpet. Further, the renters were moving out and, without any new prospects, the much needed income their rent had provided was about to become a mere memory.

That night, already overwhelmed, we were forced to deal with a disturbed drug addict attempting to break into our home.

Faced with increasing demands and depleted resources, we were heading into crisis. Our car, through no fault of ours, was badly wrecked. My husband suffered from throat nodules and could not use his voice. Without an associate pastor, all the pressures of a large city church seemed to funnel into our lives. Basic food funds were inadequate . . .

Lonely, frightened, sick and "flat broke," with two small children and a large church depending on us, we clung to each other and to God in despair. Repeatedly, He assured us of His love by sending help when our need was greatest. Even so, we longed for another human whom we could trust; one who would just listen. We were blessed by a wonderful ministerial secretary named Roy* . . . "God's love in skin." Listening and caring, he

Richa Stevens is a registered nurse, M.P.H. and phone consultant for Ministry Care Line (MCL). Her husband, Dan, is a pastor in Kettering, Ohio.

This article appeared in Ministry Careline, November 1993. Used with permission.

—Via Shepherdess International

suggested ways by which we could better care for ourselves and our ministry.

Very close to burnout by the time we sought his help, I had wondered, "Who cares for the caregivers? To whom can the pastor (and pastor's family) go when they need a 'pastor'? Among so many workers, there must be others hurting as we hurt. . . ."

True, the tide eventually turned. My surgery revealed no cancer. My husband's nodules healed. We were able to move to a safer neighborhood. We survived our audit. Our house sold . . . four years later . . .

Yet, even now, as I read my journaling of that difficult time, I know we would have gratefully used MCL[†], had it existed. How comforting it would have been for Dan to talk with a caring pastoral counselor such as Bob or Al. How wonderful it would have been for me to hear another ministers' wife like myself, or a counselor like Gaylon, LoNita, or Lorraine. That crisis of mine . . . 10 years ago . . . motivated me, through God's leading, to work for MCL.

Some of you, as well as some of your employees, are likely to be in the midst of crisis now: financial, marital, work, family. Others carry concerns that, explored with a Christian professional, may be clarified and more readily resolved.

Call us at MCL. We are here to "minister to those who minister." I especially have a burden for fellow ministers' wives. If you wish to talk with me, call MCL and ask when Richa is on next. However, each of us is honored to share in your concerns and cares . . . whatever they may be. We pray that, should you need a listening ear or another perspective, you will be impressed to call MCL.

(Discovery that Roy* had,

early-on, made MCL's services available to his workers was not a surprise. But, the vivid reminder of his compassionate support once more brought tears of vulnerability, relief, and appreciation.) ❀



MCL is an employee-assistance program for pastors, teachers, and staff, plus their spouses and children.

Confidential help when you need it from Christian mental health professionals.

Call: (513) 299-5288. The hours are Monday to Thursday, 2:00 to 5:00 p.m. and 5:30 to 7:30 p.m. (Eastern Standard Time). MCL is a service of Kettering Clergy Care Center, 1259 E. Dorothy Ln., Dayton, Ohio 45419. The director is Robert Peach.

* Roy is a pseudonym.

† Ministry Care Line

Our Pastors

Peggy Harris

Written in celebration of the "Year of the Pastor" and in appreciation of the Beltsville, Maryland, pastoral staff: Norman and Kathy Yergan, and Craig and Tina Heinrich.

Our pastors give
us help,
encouragement,
ministering to our congregation.
This motley group of Christians,
who come in all stages of spiritual growth,
all have needs that are being met.
We can give to our pastor,
our help,
encouragement,
enabling.
So that together
we can bring our church
into the kind of close-knit congregation
that lights fires
from the sparks shared by the Holy Spirit.
This caring, sharing together is what makes our
church vibrant!



Uncommon Courage

Jeanne Hartwell

"Be on your guard; stand firm in the faith; be (women) of courage (1 Corinthians 16:13, NIV).

What pictures come into your mind when you hear the word COURAGE? Gallant knights with gleaming armor galloping full-speed toward a formidable foe. A diminutive Dutch lad with his finger pushed deep into the dike. Or maybe you see the colorful form of Pocahontas as she bends over John Smith, defying her own people to spare his life. History books are scattered with stories of brave and courageous people. The Bible is full of stories of courage as well. When I think of courage such names as Esther, Joshua, Elijah, and Abigail leap to my mind. Maybe you know

someone personally who epitomizes the word COURAGE to you. My own husband, Ray, risked his life for mine in an almost fatal canoe accident. To me that speaks volumes of courage as well as love.

What made these people act as they did? What made them different or set them apart from the rest of the population? History and the Bible record their courageous deeds, making it easy for us to think that these people were never fearful—that courage was second-nature for them. And so, by reason of logic, we feel that courage should be second nature and come naturally to us. But did you ever stop to think that one of the reasons these stories were recorded is because they were out of the ordinary, not commonplace? All these people were human beings, and human beings have a rather long list of shortcomings and failures to their credit. If we had the privilege of knowing the thoughts and emotions of some of these COURAGEOUS people we might be a bit surprised. I imagine that Esther had some last-minute thoughts about an uninvited audience with the king. Elijah probably had a few jitters about a test of beliefs with 450 knife-carrying leaders

from the opposing religion. Abigail may have had a few choice words to say about the good-for-nothing husband she was trying to save. And Joshua may have even felt a little silly dressed up in his armor going for a stroll around Jericho every day for a week (early morning joggers were an unheard-of-commodity back then—especially joggers who invite a few thousand of their friends along!).

God didn't use these people because they were perfect. He used them because they were willing and had learned to follow His biddings even though they didn't always understand His ways. When they put themselves in His hands, He supplied the courage.

Courage doesn't mean not being afraid, not ever questioning. Courage doesn't mean a feeling of self-assurance and bravery. Courage means knowing God can take care of things in His way and time and being willing to say "yes" when He asks us to do something. There may be some things in your life right now that you are dreading to do, or maybe you fear the future and what it will bring. But with God's help you can be a woman of uncommon courage. ❀

Jeanne Hartwell is an associate pastor in team ministry with her husband in South Carolina. She is the mother of two, has written articles for Christian magazines, and enjoys a variety of hobbies including compiling family albums and collecting soup recipes.

—Via Shepherdess International

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On Being Hospitable



Millie Swanson



Millie Swanson has served as a pastoral and administrative wife for 45 years. She has spent about half of that time as an academy librarian and then as a church school teacher. She is mother to one daughter, Linda, who teaches, and grandmother to Wayne and Crystal. Her son was killed while on a mission trip to Mexico. Millie's favorite activities are reading, gardening, and hiking.

This article appeared in Shepherdess Sharing, October 1993 (Michigan Conference). Used with permission.

—Via Shepherdess International

Arne and I were visiting one of our largest Seventh-day Adventist churches in another part of the country. As we were leaving after the services, among a crowd of strangers, we heard a voice calling our names. How warming it was to find someone we knew! Seven or eight years previously Arne had performed the marriage of Zoe and John. Zoe's family were very close friends of ours. It was exciting to see her and John with their small, one-year-old daughter.

After visiting between the pews a few minutes, Zoe said, "I wish I could have you over, but I don't have anything prepared." I wanted to say, "Zoe, you don't have to give us anything to eat, but let us come over and be with you for a while." I refrained. And after a few more words we parted.

It was pouring rain and we had no where to go but to our motel room. How pleasant it would have been to be in Zoe's home that Sabbath afternoon. I don't know what she had in her house to eat, so it's hard to say what she could have done. It wasn't food I craved, it was fellowship.

The home I grew up in was poor and plain. During the de-

pression years there were times, I've been told, when there wasn't enough food. At the worst times my dad waited hoping we children would leave something on our plates because he was hungry. Dad was a hospitable person, always ready to share what he had. Many times there were strangers at our table. I remember one summer day when a tramp sat on the doorstep eating his plate of food because my mother did not feel comfortable with him in the house.

The pastors of our district almost always ate with us on the days they spent in Camden. When they needed to stay overnight, one of us children gave up our cot-like beds so they'd have a place to sleep. It was a privilege we vied for.

Perhaps one of the best bits of advice my stepmother gave me, when I got married and shortly thereafter became a minister's wife, was to always be able to feed unexpected guests.

She suggested that I always have cans of soup and fruit and bread or crackers on hand. You know opening some soup cans and putting out bread or crackers would not be an elaborate meal, but it is a meal. It gives opportunity for fellowship around the

table. Think about it. Isn't that what's most important?

I've eaten some outstanding meals at people's homes. I don't remember much about the food, but I do remember the fellowship, the warmth, the caring.

When we were pastoring, there were very few Sabbaths that we didn't have people in our home for dinner. There were visiting speakers who, because of their experiences and dedication to the work, were role models for our children. Wayne and Linda were inspired by their stories.

Having the non-Adventists with whom we were studying for Sabbath dinner was a wonderful way to acquaint them with what an Adventist home is like. Many of those people have become life-long friends.

I've learned people need to eat, but more than that, they need to be cared about. There's nothing like the family table in the kitchen to let them know they are special.

I still have soup on hand. Now it's usually home-made soup that I've frozen. There are jars of fruit on the shelf and home-made bread in the freezer, too. My step-mother's advice is still good advice.

In reading the writings of Ellen White, I find much about being hospitable. She admonishes us especially to invite and serve those who will be unable to return in kind. They won't require fancy meals.

As wives of ministers, we may be called upon to invite many kinds of people into our homes. Remember, all people, whether rich or poor, need most of all to be appreciated and loved.

When Jesus comes to judge the nations, one of the things He will say to those who are saved is, "I was a stranger and you took me in." (Matt. 25:35). ❀

My Miracle, My Testimony

Mariamamma Abraham

Even though I was born and brought up in the Jacobite Orthodox Church, it was my desire from childhood to know God's will for me and understand His Word. I could not understand His Word fully in spite of attending several conventions and reading the Bible. I had been praying for God to help me understand the wonders of His Word. In 1969 my prayer was answered when I was taught the Bible truth by a Seventh-day Adventist church member, Mr. K. O. Thomas of Kottarakara in Kerala. As a result, I was baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist Church along with my husband. We both decided to dedicate our lives to Gospel work.

My husband was appointed an evangelist to Kerala and we devoted ourselves to doing the Lord's work. While my husband worked, I prayed at home for the Holy Spirit to help him bring several souls to the Lord Jesus. The Lord helped us establish several churches in this section. Many times we faced severe opposition from people of various Christian churches and other religions. But God helped us to overcome everything through fasting and prayers.

Mariamamma Abraham is a pastoral wife in North Kerala, India.

—Via Shepherdess International

In November, 1992, an incident took place in our lives which we will never forget. My husband developed stomach pains, which began increasing in spite of various treatment. Finally he was taken to the Christian Medical College Hospital in Vellore. My condition grew worse. I, also, was suffering from chest pain and breathing trouble. We lost all hope for tomorrow but placed ourselves in God's hands.

At that time I had a dream, in which I saw a big meeting going on in a shed on open ground. My husband and I were there helping with the meeting. The next morning I told my husband and children about the dream.

The dream was fulfilled in May 1993, when we worked with the group of helpers at the school of evangelism held at Koothattukulam, Kerala. Because of the Lord's blessing and in answer to our prayers, 54 souls were baptized. Today we are still taking care of the new congregation there. Several souls around that area have come forward to stand for the truth as a result of the personal witnessing of our members. It is my humble request that the readers of this testimony will pray for this church and for our work. May God bless us abundantly with the power of the Holy Spirit for the speedy finishing of the Lord's work. ❀

Wherever You May Roam, God is Still on His Throne

Elieze Strydom



Elieze Strydom was born in South Africa. She met and married a minister in that country where they served for 19 years. The last six years her husband served as president of the Cape Conference in the southern most tip of Africa. Two years ago they came to the United States and now serve in the Carolina Conference where she works in the office as a secretary. Elieze enjoys painting, reading, sewing, and just having a good time outside in nature with her husband and three children.

—Via Shepherdess International

As pastoral families, many times we refer to ourselves as belonging to the "Great Advent Movement." This carries a double meaning when we combine our theology and literal "moving." The reality of belonging to this "Movement" came to me once again when the telephone abruptly woke the silence of our sleep one night at 11:45 p.m. In the middle of the night, we were faced with the decision of accepting or rejecting a call to the United States—the Carolina Conference to be specific. Wheels started spinning along with my head. Arrangements and paperwork surrounding a move halfway around the world are endless. When I look back now, I am amazed how we accomplished everything that needed to be done in three short months.

A lot of friends back in South Africa and out here in North Carolina have asked me how it is possible to cope with such major changes. They seem especially concerned about how we dealt with most of our belongings.

One thing I know, it only comes through the knowledge

that God is leading in your life. One thing that has helped me deal with this transition is to think of it as a great "adventure." Fortunately I am a very adventurous person, with very adventurous kids, and we are all blessed with a good sense of humor.

Attitude is the key word to any situation in life, and it will determine whether you are happy or miserable. I noticed a plaque on a reception desk the other day with the following inscription: "A positive attitude is one's most precious belonging." This is especially true for a pastoral wife.

As I was preparing for our move to the United States, there was a great deal of sorting to do. I had four piles: selling pile, keeping pile, throwing-away pile, and giving-away pile. One day while working on the sorting project, I thought of what a beggar had said to me one day while asking for a handout. Trying to make a good impression on me and thus obtain my help, she said, "I am also a Seven-Days Adventurer." As I contemplated these words with a smile, I thought about how she wasn't so far off! Here I was having seven days of adventure ev-

ery week. In which other work would I have such a wonderful privilege? How many of us have the opportunity to start all over again in a completely new ministry? I felt like a newly wed, despite the fact that we have three children. I was entering a new adventure with new challenges and new problems.

We arrived in the United States with our bags of clothing and 23 boxes, most of which were books from my husband's library. A few others contained photo albums and a few personal sentimental items. The first part of our "adventure" was watching how God miraculously stretched South African Rands (the currency used there which was R3 for every \$1) to supply our every need.

In making a major change, there is an old saying which makes a lot of very good sense: *To be forewarned is to be forearmed.* There are some very important things that we can know and do in preparation for such a major change in our lives:

1. Know that it is the will of the Lord for you in your life.
2. Keep a positive attitude about everything.
3. Prepare your children and yourself for change—remember to be flexible.
4. Speak to others who have made such changes and make a list of the pros and the cons and work through this list as a family. Be honest enough to recognize the cons that will be difficult to deal with, and start dealing with them right away.
5. Do not live in a "fool's paradise" where you think everything is just going to always be wonderful and exciting. (After all—any-

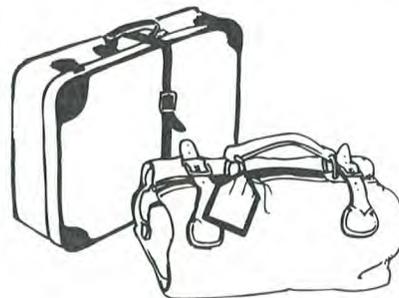
where you may go—is still on planet earth under the attack of Satan and his angels).

6. Read everything you can find about the place where you are going.
7. Begin preparing yourself emotionally for the separation from your family and friends. This will probably one of the hardest things for you to deal with.
8. Tell yourself how fortunate you are to have such an opportunity and remember that the number of people who get these opportunities is very small.
9. Remember that Adventists are "family" everywhere.
10. Prepare yourself for new terminologies and for things to be done in a little different way than what you are used to. Look for the humorous side and then the differences will be interesting, pleasant and refreshing to you, and you will not be shocked (as in cultural shock) by many of the differences.

For me, it is very interesting to observe the difference in terminologies. There are so many different expressions between countries, that it seems like almost a new language! In America I go to the store, choose a yard of fabric, and pay for it at the cash register or the checkout. In South Africa, I would go to the shop, choose a meter of material, and pay for it at the till. Different words but accomplishing the same thing. In America you drink a can of soda, whereas in South Africa, you drink a tin of cool drink. One of the most confusing and puzzling differences comes when we talk about vehicles and

their parts. Americans refer to the hood and the trunk, but I am used to referring to the bonnet and the boot. Even after these many months, I often still have to bashfully explain what on earth I am talking about. In America, people put trash in the trash can, but I am used to putting the rubbish in the rubbish bin. I say I am eating chips with tomato sauce on it, Americans eat french fries with ketchup on them.

Moving from one continent to another, from one state to another, or one city to another can either be a wonderful adventurous challenge, or it can be a terribly depressing experience. It will depend on your attitude. It does not mean that you will not miss your family and friends, but you will have new family and new friends. A dear old sister in one of our churches here came to me the other day, put her arms around me, and said: "I love you, Elieze . . . I loved you from the first moment I saw you!" How that warmed my heart. I do not have a biological mother close by to say that to me, but Jesus provided a spiritual mother for me right in my own church. I felt so loved and wanted, I knew God was giving me family here to fill the void until I can see my own again. He was stretching the love of friends to fill my emotional needs just as He miraculously stretched the South African Rands to supply all our physical needs. ❀



A Modern Odyssey

Gaya Currie

*Gaya Currie
reports on their trip
through Turkey,
Greece, and Italy.*

*Gaya Currie is the Shepherdess Coordinator
for the Trans-European Division.*

—Via Shepherdess International

Our group of 28 represented nine nationalities. Most were ministers but some of their spouses accompanied them. There were some lay people too. Three Latvian pastors and their wives were with us, and it was a most wonderful opportunity for them to see and experience many new and exciting things. They loved it all and were so eager to learn and understand about the countries through which we would be travelling. Also we had two pastors and one wife from Poland, plus two pastors and a lady minister from Hungary.

The adventure begins

We began our adventure from England by coach on May 21. We travelled to Ramsgate on the east coast and crossed by ferry to Oostende in Belgium. We called into Luxembourg where the three people from Poland joined us. We went on to Austria where we spent our first night abroad. It was then to Budapest, Hungary, where the three Hungarians come aboard. This made our group complete.

Hurrying through Romania, the police stopped us for speeding and charged us \$1. Then we headed for Bulgaria and Turkey,

but border delays in Bulgaria ate up our traveling time so we had to drive all night to get to Istanbul on time.

We found the Turks were very friendly and willing to help in any way possible. We stopped at Ankara then hurried on to Bogazkale and Boghazkoy, where we visited a museum of Hittite life. We visited the area of a Hittite town and climbed over the remains and took many photographs.

Highlight of my trip

The highlight of the trip, for me, was Cappadocia. We arrived in at Goreme on Friday night and stayed at the Tan Pension right in the middle of all the wonderful sandstone pinnacles where people made their homes after fleeing persecution. My husband, David, and I went for an early morning walk before breakfast and drank in the beauty. For our morning worship, we chose to go to a church in one of the sandstone cliffs. The pulpit stood in the center and seats were around the wall. It was cool inside this church, and we all enjoyed our fellowship and worship together.

We visited an underground city large enough for 10,000

people on 11 floors. Eight floors had lighting. The church area was in the shape of a slope as we went in and we dragged ourselves through on the way out. In some tunnels, we could easily stand up in, but in others we had to bend low. Air shafts let in fresh air, and we saw places where the water was brought through.

Our guide explained that the Hittites dug the first two floors. Then the Christians came in the second century and dug down further. It was a wonderful hide-away. The entrances were from under buildings on the surface. To halt the attack by the enemy they had huge round stones, like the one which was rolled in front of Jesus' tomb, to roll over the opening.

Some ministers had a "dry" baptism in the baptistry. There was the large room with a table where the students had classes. We spent two days there drinking in the beauty of it all.

The odyssey continues

Then we went to Tarsus, Paul's home town. We visited Antioch in Pisidia, which is a relatively new area to be excavated. It was great to visit the seven churches of Revelation.

We took a boat to the Isle of Patmos via Samos. The wind blew and the sea became rough. The Latvians found it a delight to be on deck and feel the spray blowing over them. Patmos was a highlight for everyone; it is beautiful.

We finally crossed over the border into Greece and spent Sabbath in Philippi. We followed Paul's example, when he met with the women and Lydia, by having our worship down by the river. We travelled on to Thessalonica, Athens, and Corinth. After a little respite, we caught a ship from Patral and sailed 24 hours to Italy on a relatively calm sea.

In Italy, we visited the Herculanium; Pisa, with the leaning tower; and the Waldenses' Valleys. We visited some places in these countries along the way where we had a swim, walked in a Turkish market, and climbed over more ruins. Then we had to race home. The mountain scenery through northern Italy and into France was some of the best.

We thanked God for a marvelous three weeks, for wonderful fellowship, for safe keeping, for cheerful-careful drivers, for a greater understanding of the life of Paul and where he worked. But most of all, we thanked God for a greater understanding of His leading in the past and for His care for each one of us as we endeavor to hasten His coming. ❀

A Samaritan for Today

Marjorie T. Graham

Traveling alone along a busy turnpike in unfamiliar territory I wasn't prepared for the barrage of green signs that suddenly confronted me. How to decide quickly which exit? Which route number? North? East?

Feeling lost and forlorn, I pulled out of the traffic onto the shoulder and unfolded my map. A minute or so later a kindly-looking, white-haired gentleman appeared at my window. "I noticed you were studying a map," he said, "and I wondered if I might be of help."

I told him where I wanted to go, and to my great relief, he cleared up my confusion and directed me to the correct exit. Then with a nod and a wave, he said, "The Lord be with you as you go" and returned to his van.

As I drove off I realized belatedly what my husband would say when I told him: "You *know* about crime on the roads today, the car-jacking. You should have had your door locked and your window closed."

And he'd be right of course. I would remember to be more cautious in the future. But for now I was no longer lost and unhappy, my day was bright again because a present-day good Samaritan had taken time along the way to help a stranger. ❀

Marjorie T. Graham is a homemaker and author. She writes from Ambler, Pennsylvania.

—Via Shepherdess International

Coatzacoalcos Miracle

Loida Mendoza
de Escobar



Loida is a bilingual executive secretary in addition to her pastoral spouse work. Her hobbies are swimming and reading. Translated and adapted by Annabelle Kendall

—Via Shepherdess International

As professionals beginning their first job, my husband and I eagerly took up our respective responsibilities and jobs in the Tabasco Conference.

More than anything, we wanted to visit the church members in their homes within our district. Our three children accompanied us.

Sixteen of these churches or congregations are situated in hot climate areas. Along with suffering from the heat, these people have to deal with mosquitoes, horse flies, and other biting insects.

Besides visiting and other work, my husband studied for his theology degree. We felt full of enthusiasm.

A month after leaving Montemorelos and arriving in Tabasco, our two-year-old son, Samuel, became seriously ill. His symptoms signaled intestinal problems. We took him to several doctors, but each time the medicine didn't take effect because he couldn't keep it down. Three sleepless nights crawled by as we battled to lower his temperature and calm his restlessness, but Samuel grew weaker. On the

fourth day, as a result of the high fever, convulsions came (I might add, we prayed for him all during this time but nothing happened), and my husband carried our baby to the Health Center—at 6:30 a.m., it wasn't open.

Just then a truck came along, and my husband flagged him down. The driver stopped and gave them a lift to the next city. But there the doctors couldn't do anything either. They puzzled over the question, "Why won't the medicine work?" "Our advice is to take your child to the nearest city, Coatzacoalcos in Veracruz, Mexico."

We wanted to take Samuel to the Southeast Adventist Hospital in Villahermosa, but that would mean a three-hour trip. By now his temperature had soared dangerously high. Coatzacoalcos was only a half-hour drive. Hurrying to find someone to take care of our daughters, a church member came to our rescue and we sped toward Coatzacoalcos.

The doctor in Coatzacoalcos honestly told us the situation: "It is impossible to do anything. He is so severely dehydrated that the blood is congealing in his veins." His voice softened, "However, I

will give him one injection in this vein; the other veins are bulging."

"Do you believe in God or in someone else? I've done all I can."

"Oh, yes," my husband nodded. "I am an Adventist pastor. My wife and I have put our trust in God and our child is in His hands."

Now Samuel could barely move his head. He was so thin. It may seem an exaggeration, but the pictures of children with malnutrition in Africa looked fatter than he.

"Would you give me permission to take fluid from his spinal cord and send it to the lab? I'll step out so the two of you can decide."

My husband broke the silence, "It's already 4 p.m. and today's Friday. I have to return to the district as today I begin my first meeting with the lay people. I planned this 15 days ago, so I can't miss it."

"Please don't go," I begged, tears streaming down my face. "I need you to be with me. The doctor is expecting an answer, and I don't want to tell him alone. What if something happens to Samuel?"

"I know, it's hard, honey," he tried to comfort me. "But remember our child is in good hands—God's and the doctor's. Even if I stay here, I can't do a thing. I have responsibilities as a pastor, and this is my first meeting. All the congregations have been notified and I can't let them down. You stay here. We prayed, so don't worry."

I understood, but as a mother, I cried some more.

The doctor returned. "Samuel is having convulsions again, and the fever isn't going down. We're keeping ice packs on his forehead to calm him down, but we need to inject the serum with antibiot-

ics. You see, your son can't stand more than one prick. This has to be done carefully so the needle goes in the right place or it could be fatal. Please help us hold him still."

*I believe if my
husband had stayed
with us in the
hospital, Samuel
would have died . . .
But God answered
the prayers of all the
lay people who
attended my
husband's meetings.*

We stayed in the hospital Friday night, Sabbath passed and then Sunday dawned but no improvement. The lab results finally arrived—the diagnosis, Encephalitis Equina (cerebral horse sick-

ness). At 11 a.m. the doctor warned me, "If your son hasn't improved by 2 p.m., you will have to take him home as medical science can't do anything more for him."

Around 1 p.m., Samuel began to improve. I later learned this was the same time the lay meetings were ending. My husband bravely held those meetings without telling anyone of our trial. He didn't want anyone worrying. But as the meetings ended, he shared with them the burden on his heart. "Our son is in the hospital. I don't know how he's doing but he is seriously ill. Please pray for him." Everyone earnestly prayed and that's when Samuel began to improve.

The doctor came in to see his little patient. He exclaimed, "He is showing signs of improvement. This is a miracle! God has worked a miracle!" But he added, "Samuel may be retarded as a result of the cerebral illness."

In a month's time Samuel fully recovered. We praise God for healing him.

The doctors still can't tell us what infected Samuel or how he became sick—maybe it was the water or a mosquito bite—we never knew for sure. There had been an epidemic among the horses and five children died.

We only know that God healed Samuel. Today he is a normal teenager of 13. He enjoys excellent health, and he makes good grades in school.

I am absolutely sure that God rewarded my husband's faithfulness to his duty and then allowed Samuel to get well. I believe if my husband had stayed with us in the hospital, Samuel would have died because we both had prayed and nothing had happened. But God answered the prayers of all the lay people who attended my husband's meetings. ❀



Shepherdess International News

Africa-Indian Ocean Division

- ❖ The Mali-Mifem Chapter met for a spiritual retreat, under the direction of Sister Karame' K. Samoke', Shepherdess coordinator for the chapter. At the end of the meetings many women rededicated their lives to the Lord.
- ❖ Leola Whaley, Shepherdess Coordinator for the Division reports that pastoral wives in this division meet only once or twice a year because of the distances and travel costs involved. Three of their Unions have suffered from tribal war. Please remember to pray for the pastoral wives living in these areas.
- ❖ West Africa Union Mission—The Union shepherdesses from the Ghana fields met in Techiman, Ghana, for a five-day retreat that centered on



Alice Sackey and the Shepherdess ladies of the Ghana fields

"The Pastor's Wife in Today's World." This was the first retreat of its kind to be held in the Union. Mrs. Alice Sackey, Shepherdess coordinator for the Union and her husband, Pastor E. O. Sackey, Union president directed the retreat. Presentations included: "Team Ministry," "The Roles and Responsibilities of the Pastor's Wife in the Church and Community," "The Pastor's Wife and Marriage and Intestate Laws," "Family Life," "The Shepherdess and Her Prayer Life," and "The Pastor's Wife and the Changing World." The 52 participants felt happy about the retreat and suggested that it be held twice yearly so more time can be given for meaningful interaction. Leola Whaley, division Shepherdess coordinator, attended the meetings.

- ❖ Sahel Union Mission—Inge Gray, Benin Mission Coordinator, writes that the pastoral wives were invited to attend the annual workers' meetings.



Sahel Union, Benin Mission SI chapter

The theme for the shepherdesses was "Reflecting the Beauty of Jesus," and they learned ways to better reflect the beauty of Jesus in the family, the church, and the community. Other topics discussed were: "The Fruits of the Spirit," "Resolution of Conflicts," "Spiritual Gifts," and "The Pastoral Family." The three-day meeting climaxed with a meal and the Lord's Supper for the pastoral couples. The Benin Chapter is the only active chapter in the Sahel Union.

- ❖ Nigeria Union Mission—The bi-annual Shepherdess seminar met in Lagos, Nigeria. The two-day seminar focused on "The Virtuous Shepherdess." Seminar directors were Mrs. R. Babalola, Shepherdess coordinator, and Pastor I. A. Ekpendu, ministerial secretary for the Union.

Euro-Africa Division

- ✿ Margarida Sarli recently went to the Portuguese Union. In the Azores she met with the pastoral wives of the islands and visited the interested people in a week of reaping evangelism in S. Miguel and Terceira. On the continent, she conducted two meetings with the pastoral wives and discussed the topic of the importance of the pastoral family in the ministry.

Euro-Asia Division

- ✿ Approximately 50 Shepherdess Coordinators from all over the vast Euro-Asia Division met for three days with Sharon Cress in Mos-

cow. Olga Murga and Nancy Wilson, co-coordinators for the Division hosted the meetings. Coordinators received seminars on how to build self-esteem in the pastoral wives, sexual ethics for professionals and para-professionals in ministry, and organizing their personal time priorities.

Far Eastern Division

- ✿ Central Luzon Conference pastoral wives met together during the Ministerial Retreat and had a lively discussion on "The 27 Ordeals Faced by Ministers" led by Pastor and Mrs. Mar Sique of NPUM and PUC respectively. Creative testimonies about "How to Minister to

Your Husband-Minister" highlighted one of the meetings. A pajama party hosted by Shepherdess culminated with a truckload of gifts going to zany, lucky winners!

- ✿ Linda Koh has been appointed as the new Shepherdess Coordinator for the Far Eastern Division. Linda comes with a wealth of varied experiences as a pastoral wife. She succeeds Nancy Bassham who faithfully served pastoral wives so unselfishly for several years. Nancy and Steve recently moved to the United States.

Inter-American Division

- ✿ Affirming the valuable service pastoral wives give as volunteers to our church and for their consistent support to their pastor/husbands in their ministerial duties, the Inter-American Division voted, at their year-end meetings, to give their pastoral wives a most tangible resource. Beginning with the Fourth Quarter 1994 the division translated the *Shepherdess International Journal* into Spanish, printed it in magazine format, and mailed it to every Spanish-reading pastoral wife in the Division. Over 2,000 copies were mailed. In addition to this, the Division is sending 300 copies of the English edition to the English-reading pastoral wives. Praise the Lord for



Euro-Asia Division Shepherdess Coordinators



Euro-Asia Division Shepherdess Coordinators



Euro-Asia Division Shepherdess Coordinators

godly administrators who invest in dedicated pastoral wives. May their numbers increase!

Middle East Union

- ❖ Pauline Mastromihalis from Cyprus recently completed a new project with COS students. Using the theme of ecology, the school put on a program and distributed fact sheets on ways to recycle and protect the environment. At the end of the presentation, trees to plant, greeting cards, and book marks were sold. The proceeds went to help the Day Care Center in Assuit, Egypt.



Texico Shepherdess Chapter

North American Division

- ❖ Pastoral wives from the Texico Conference met together for three days of meetings with Sharon Cress during campmeeting in Albuquerque, New Mexico.
- ❖ "Shepherdess Night" at the Southeastern Conference Campmeeting in Hawthorne, Florida, had pastoral wives presenting the entire evening program. Under the theme of "Love International," the Shepherdess Choir filled the

auditorium with inspirational and heart-warming music. Sharon Cress presented the sermon about living love in the pastoral home. The nightly offering was collected by the pastoral wives to be used in their traditional scholarship fund.

- ❖ Gulf States Conference pastoral wives Shepherdess meetings during the August Ministers' Meeting featured seminars on health, money management, making dried flower craft pictures, and a special "Best Bargain/Thrift Store Fashion Show." Reports were that most of the ladies left after the "fashion show" with sore sides from laughing so hard. The women reported it was a blessing to be able to fellowship together and encourage each other. They look forward to the time when Jesus comes and we can all be together in heaven.



Tracy Bonner Southeastern Shepherdess Coordinator & Sharon Cress

Asia Division. Praise God from whom all blessings flow to pastoral wives!

Chaplaincy Services

- ❖ In Orlando, Florida, Margarida Sarli spoke to the chaplains' wives during the chaplains' workshop. About 40 attended and heard about the importance of maintaining a strong family life while performing caring ministry.

General Conference

- ❖ Fifty administrative wives met together for four days during the Annual Council session at the General Conference headquarters. Sandra Pearson presented a seminar on "The Devotional Life of the Pastoral Wife," and Merlo Bock gave a seminar on "Osteoporosis." A VIP tour of the White House and a shopping trip to Potomac Mills Outlet Mall completed the days of fellowship.



Thank you from someone special

A heart-felt thank you to each of you who sent me letters and cards of encouragement. Because of the volume there is no way I can personally respond to each of them, but the love you have shown to me means more than you will ever know. Please continue to remember me in your prayers. Floyd and I have moved to Oregon. Our new address is:

Floyd and Ellen Bresee
1037 Brandon Street
Central Point, OR 97502



Cookbook Project Update

Thank You! Thank You! Thank You!

Hundreds of recipes came in for the **Shepherdess International Cookbook**. The response has been so heartening. This is **YOUR** cookbook, composed of **YOUR** favorites. "Thank you" to each one who took the time to send favorites. Look for the cookbook in June. (And those who missed the deadline, get your recipes ready for a possible second helping.)

Pastoral wives and the Ministerial Association staff have voted and chosen a title for this collection. There were so many clever and original title submitted. We collected them all and by an overwhelming vote

Seasoned With Love—

A Collection of Pastoral Wives Favorites
was selected. Thank you for such imaginative and humorous titles. I wished we could have used every one.

